

Dead as a Dodo

Story: Dead as a Dodo

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/7534088/1/>

Category: Lion King

Genre: Adventure/Romance

Author: ThatPersonYouMightKnow

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3365186/>

Last updated: 11/10/2011

Words: 7713

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Simba and Nala's latest prank on Zazu takes a sinister turn when they think they've killed him.

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: A Topsy Turvy Wakeup Call**

AN: Bit of a comical one, this. Should be enjoyable.

Dead as a Dodo

Chapter One: A Topsy Turvy Wakeup Call

Nala's eyes flickered open. She expected to see the familiar insides of the den at Pride Rock, where she usually slept every night.

But this morning, Nala woke up in a completely different location. She felt really dizzy, and everything looked like it was upside down.

It took her a few seconds to realise that she *was* upside down. Swinging back and forth to be exact. When she came to her senses, Nala found that she was hanging from a tree branch by a vine that had begun tangled up, causing her to swing back and forth. She noticed that Simba was also tangled up in the same vine, sleeping right next to her.

She nudged him. "Simba," she called. "Simba!"

Simba abruptly woke up. "What? Who? Where?"

"Simba, Simba - it's me," she told him. "We're upside down!"

Simba looked around, and slowly realised. "Oh. Yeah. We fell from that tree last night, didn't we?"

"I told you sneaking off in the middle of the night to climb some trees was a dumb idea. And now look where it's got us."

"We just need some practise, that's all." Simba eyed up the vine they had become stuck in. "It's easy enough to get out."

"Oh yeah. How?" Nala asked, doubt in her mind.

"Uh... I guess we just... bite through it..." Simba opened his mouth and bit down on a section of the vine.

"Simba, wait—" Nala began, but it was too late. The vine snapped, and the two were sent hurtling to the ground, hitting it hard with a *thump!*

"Ow," Nala said flatly. She picked herself up off the ground, as did Simba.

He dusted himself off. "See? It worked."

"Yeah, but now we'll have big bruises all over," she told him. "I wonder why no one even tried to help us while we up there. You'd think someone would've noticed."

From behind them, the two cubs could hear a loud laugh. The two cubs narrowed their eyes, and then turned around to see Zazu perched on a tree branch, laughing his head off.

"Something funny?" Simba asked Zazu angrily.

Zazu's laughter came to a slow halt. "Oh, it's nothing, young master," he replied, still chuckling slightly, "it's just that I find you getting tangled up in a vine rather amusing."

"How long have you been there?" Nala asked him.

"Oh, about forty-five minutes," Zazu replied.

"You were there for almost an hour and you didn't try to let us free?" Simba said angrily.

"Well, I would have, but I figured that after all those tricks you've played on me I deserve a little reward. That reward being watching you trapped helplessly in some vines." Zazu laughed again. "I call it payback."

Simba growled furiously. "We could have brain damage for all you know!"

Zazu laughed again. "Oh, young master, don't be so dramatic." He scoffed. "Brain damage, indeed. Maybe you should take some interest in educating yourself rather than getting into trouble, hmm?"

Zazu was trying Simba's patience now. Why did he always have to be so serious? He always wrecked everything! One day Simba would like to teach him a lesson. One he wouldn't forget. Ever.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Nala asked.

"I was looking for you, actually," Zazu revealed. "I have been told to look after you for the day. Apparently you're getting into too much mischief, not that it's surprising."

Simba and Nala looked at each other and groaned.

"Why me?" Simba moaned, looking up at the sky. Today was going to be horrible. He knew it.

Zazu - to Simba and Nala - was the absolute worst babysitter anyone could ever hope to ask for. He watched them everywhere, talked about rules and regulations all day, and wouldn't let them do anything that was even the slightest bit fun.

Why couldn't his Dad find a better babysitter for them? Maybe a wolf, that would be cool...

"Do you have to?" Simba complained to Zazu.

"Don't bother trying to argue against it," Zazu replied. "Unlike you, I do what I am told to."

"That would explain why you're no fun," Simba muttered quietly.

"I heard that," Zazu informed him.

"Yeah, well you were supposed to," he told Zazu.

"Oh, come on, Zazu, don't you have something else to be doing?" Simba asked, thinking of anything to try and get Zazu to leave them alone. "Don't you have that *annoying* morning report song to sing or something?"

Zazu shook his head. "This is all I have to do, unfortunately. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to leave you to your own devices, but an order is an order. And orders I don't disobey. So, where were you planning on going next?"

Simba and Nala looked at each other. Their expressions said it all.

Worst. Day. *Ever*.

The two knew that they were going to have to think fast if they were to escape Zazu's watchful eye.

Simba spoke up. "Well... We were going to... *run*!"

Simba and Nala bolted away from Zazu in the opposite direction, prompting him to frown as he watched them flee.

"Typical," said Zazu to himself, before taking flight. He flew at his own pace. He was in no hurry to chase after them. Because he was clever, he knew they'd have to stop sooner or later, so why should he waste his energy chasing after those two mischievous cubs?

This was one part of his job he hated. He was better than this, surely? He was the King's advisor! Why couldn't he be put in charge of more important jobs? This wasn't in his job description, so why was most of his time spent doing this? It made him feel so... degraded.

Maybe he could plead with King Mufasa to let someone else do this mundane task. But Zazu wasn't exactly one to argue with the King. He was like a soldier. Following orders without question.

Little did Zazu know, things were going to get much, *much* worse for him.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: Rock Plus Head Equals Dead**

Chapter Two: Rock Plus Head Equals Dead

Simba and Nala came to a halt at the water hole, hiding behind a tree and peering out to see if Zazu was gaining on them or not.

"Can you see him?" Simba asked.

Nala continued looking for a few seconds more. "No. Do you think we lost him?"

"I hope so," Simba replied.

But with Zazu, he always managed to catch up. One way or another. That was what was so irritating about him. He always managed to find them, wherever they hid from him. Surely they were old enough to look after themselves by now? They didn't need this kind of hassle!

"What if he finds us?" Nala asked. "What do we do then?"

Simba thought for a moment, and a sly grin crept across his face. "I got it!" he exclaimed.

"What?" Nala asked, cocking her head to the side.

"Let's try and get rid of him," Simba replied, grinning widely.

"Get rid of him?" Nala exclaimed. "How?"

"Let's knock him out," Simba revealed. He spotted a large rock on the ground and picked it up. "With this."

"With *that*?" Nala exclaimed. "Isn't that a bit... nasty?"

"Do you want him following us around all day or not?"

That settled it for Nala. "Okay. Let's do it."

"Okay, so we need to be sneaky with the way we do this, otherwise he'll know it's us."

"Well, how can we do it without him realising?" Nala enquired.

"Hmm..." Simba looked up at the tree they were hiding behind. "Nala, give me a boost so I can get up this tree."

"We tried this last night, remember?" Nala reminded him. "It didn't work."

"Come on. We'll be more careful this time. I promise."

"Fine." Nala positioned herself by the tree. Simba placed the large rock in his mouth, and gently climbed onto her back, allowing him to scale the tree. He clung onto a branch, before steadying himself and holding his paws out to Nala.

"Grab on," he instructed. Nala did so, and Simba managed to pull her up onto the branch. He smiled. "Now all we have to do is wait for Zazu to show up, and we drop this right on his head. Then he'll be off our backs all day."

"He won't know what hit him," said Nala.

"I know. That's what's so cool about it."

Zazu flew toward the water hole, landing on the ground underneath a tree and looking around for Simba and Nala.

"They have to be somewhere around here," Zazu told himself.

Zazu was concentrating too much on searching the ground to realise Simba and Nala were just above him, on top of a branch of the tree he was under.

Zazu sighed deeply. "Curse those troublesome cubs," he muttered. "Why don't they ever listen to anything anybody says?"

Simba held the large rock just above Zazu's head, ready to drop it on him. "This'll teach him," he whispered to Nala.

"Do it," she urged.

And with that, Simba dropped the rock. It plunged toward Zazu's head, before landing on the top of his head with a sickening crunch. Zazu's eyes widened; he staggered backward, before sprawling onto the ground, motionless.

Simba and Nala looked at each other and smiled. "Mission accomplished," Simba said.

The two dropped down from the branch, landing on the ground. They walked over to Zazu, and looked over his still body. He wasn't moving an inch. He looked... *dead*.

Simba looked him over, and nodded. "We sure showed him, huh?"

"Yeah..." replied Nala in a faraway voice. "Um... Simba?"

"Yeah?"

"Doesn't Zazu look a little... *dead* to you?" Nala asked nervously.

"Dead?" said Simba, before laughing. "Oh, he's not dead. We just knocked him out. See?" Simba prodded Zazu's corpse several times. "He's still breathing.... I think."

"You *think*?" Nala exclaimed. Nala walked closer to Zazu. "Let me see."

Nala put her ear to Zazu's tiny chest and listened for a heartbeat. After a few seconds, she gasped and looked at his lifeless body in horror. "H-He's... not... breathing..." she stammered, pointing at Zazu.

Simba narrowed his eyes, doubtful. "No way," he said, thinking Nala was just joking. Simba did the same as Nala, putting his ear to Zazu's chest and listening to see if he was still alive. After a few seconds, he came to the same conclusion as her, and his reaction was exactly the same. He gasped and looked on in horror, pointing at him.

"Y-You're right," he stammered, worried. "H-He's n-not breathing!"

"S-Simba," said Nala, "if he's not breathing, then that means he's..."

They both came to the same conclusion. "Dead," they both said, looking into each other's eyes fearfully.

Three seconds exactly passed. And then, the two cubs let out a loud, horrified scream.

They had just killed Zazu! Not hurt him, not severely injured him, but outright *killed* him! Murdered him! This was bad! This was very, very, very, *very* bad!

Simba continued to scream. This couldn't be happening! It just couldn't!

"This isn't happening, this isn't happening, this isn't happening!" he muttered.

Nala was the first to regain control of herself. She slapped Simba on the face repeatedly. "Calm down! Calm down! Calm down!"

Simba managed to compose himself. "Okay, okay, okay. I'm calm." Simba's eyes then widened. "No, I'm not." He continued to scream again.

Nala rolled her eyes and slapped him in the face as hard as possible. He staggered backwards, confused.

"And you are?" he asked, dazed.

"Simba, you're going crazy!" she told him.

He didn't seem to return to his normal state. "Say, what's a pretty girl like you doing in a pride like this?"

Nala slapped him in the face again, and that seemed to do the trick for him. He shook his head. "Hello?"

"You back to normal now?" she asked, hoping so.

"I guess," he replied. "What were we doing now?"

"We just killed Zazu," Nala reminded him.

"Oh, yeah. We did, didn't we?"

The two began to laugh for a few seconds, before fainting and falling to the ground.

AN: Oh, dear. Zazu's dead? This can't be true! Or can it? Leave me some reviews and I'll see you tomorrow with more.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Covering the Tracks

AN: More from me, in chapter three. Hey, that rhymes...

Chapter Three: Covering the Tracks

Simba was the first to awaken after fainting. His eyes flickered open, and as he tried to get up he noticed Nala was clinging tightly to his body in her unconscious state. Simba raised an eyebrow curiously, and shook his body so she fell on to the ground and abruptly woke up, blinking furiously.

She looked around, a worried look on her face. "W-What...? Oh... It was just a nightmare."

"Nightmare?" said Simba. "What nightmare?"

"Oh, I was just dreaming that we were going to be executed for murdering Zazu," she replied, seeming relieved that her nightmare hadn't been true.

Simba laughed at her reply. "Executed?" He laughed again. "Oh Nala, we wouldn't be executed for killing Zazu. That's just silly."

Nala looked at him seriously. "Oh, we wouldn't be executed? Simba, do you know what happens to people who murder someone connected to anyone in royalty?"

Simba shook his head. "No. What?"

"*Bad* things, Simba. Very, very bad things. They might hit us, or kill us, or even worse... *tickle* us."

Simba looked around worriedly. "R-Really?" he stammered, his voice shaky with fear. "B-But I don't want to be tickled, Nala. W-What are we going to d-do?"

Nala looked over at Zazu's lifeless body. He still hadn't moved from his original spot, and looked just as dead as before.

"We just need to think straight, okay?" explained Nala.

Simba nodded in agreement. "Yeah, yeah. Think straight, okay."

"Now, if we killed somebody - and we have - what would we do?" she asked.

"Run around screaming and crying?" Simba suggested half-heartedly.

"I'm serious."

"Okay, okay. Let me think..." Simba thought for a moment. "Okay, what if we just hid his body? Let someone else find him. They'll never know it was us."

Nala smiled. "That's a good idea!" she exclaimed. "So, where do we hide him?"

Simba shrugged. "I don't know. You think of somewhere to hide him."

"*Me*? I don't know where to..." Nala thought for a moment. "Actually, I might know somewhere we can hide him."

"Where?"

"The water hole?" she suggested, pointing at the water a few feet away from them. "No one will spot him there."

"Yeah, until one of the cubs goes for a swim and finds Zazu's dead body floating around. Real great idea, Nala."

"Well, at least I'm trying!" she argued. "Let's see you come up with something smart, Mister I-Know-Everything-About-Nothing!"

"Fine, I will." Simba looked across at Zazu's corpse, and was struck with an idea. He walked over to Zazu's body, and picked it up. Nala watched him suspiciously. He turned to her, holding Zazu and grinning widely. "Watch this."

And with that, Simba launched Zazu high into the air, where he flew several feet before landing hard on the ground, tumbling over several times before coming to stop, still dead.

Simba was smiling proudly, like he had accomplished something great. He ran over to Zazu and looked him over, grinning.

Nala ran over to him, not really having a clue about what Simba had 'achieved'. "What did you do that for?"

"Well, now it *can't* be blamed on us," Simba replied.

"And why's that, genius?" Nala asked.

"Now it just looks like an accident, right?" he replied, pointing to Zazu. "I threw him so it looked like he was flying."

"And...?" said Nala, motioning for him to continue.

"Uh... And then he had a heart attack midair, and crashed. Splat! No more Zazu."

"I don't think that's going to be a good excuse if people start asking questions," Nala told him.

"Well, it was the best I could think of!" he countered.

"Looks like your best wasn't enough," she teased, smiling. "Why don't we just try to hide his body somewhere else?"

"It'd better be better than the water hole," Simba told her.

"It will. Okay, you close your eyes," Nala instructed.

Simba did so. He chuckled. "What is this, hide and seek?"

"No, I'm going to test you to see if you can find Zazu when I hide him."

"Oh. Okay. Tell me when you've hid him."

Three minutes later, Nala had finished hiding Zazu's body. "Okay, open your eyes."

Simba's eyes snapped open. "So you've hid him?"

Nala nodded. "Yep. He's hidden away where no one will ever find him."

Simba looked around, and couldn't see Zazu anywhere in sight. He took a few steps toward her. "Nala, that is absolutely —" Simba then tripped over a few leaves and sticks, which obscured Zazu's lifeless body. "Pathetic."

"Yeah, but it's early days," she told him. "We've got to flatten him out a bit."

"Oh, I got ya." Simba nodded, understanding. He then started to jump up and down on the few leaves and sticks from which Zazu was beneath, motioning for Nala to help him. She did the same, and together they both jumped up and down on top of Zazu, trying to flatten him as best as they could.

After a few seconds, they decided they had 'flattened' Zazu enough and stopped jumping up and down. Simba smiled. "That's not bad, actually. I think we might actually get away with this."

Nala nodded. "Okay, I'll pretend to be someone else walking by."

"Okay."

Nala walked away a few steps, before turning around and walking by Simba. "Hello, there." She looked down at the leaves and sticks which hid Zazu. "What's that dead body doing under there?"

Simba sighed. "Great. Just great. Looks like we're not cut out for this whole 'hiding bodies' thing."

"There's gotta be something else we can do," Nala said, sighing.

Simba smiled. "We could eat him," he jokingly suggested.

"Simba!"

"Relax, I'm kidding. He'd taste too feathery anyway."

She couldn't help but giggle. "I can't believe I'm laughing at a joke about someone we've just killed."

"Well, it's fact now. We're criminals," Simba said with a sigh, sadly. "As soon as the word gets out that Zazu's dead, everyone's gonna be after us, you know."

Nala sighed sadly. "I know. We're killers. Actual killers. What do we do now?"

Simba thought for a moment. "Well, I guess we'll have to... run away. Run. Run away and never return."

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Run Away?

Chapter Four: Run Away?

"How will running away help us?" Nala asked Simba.

"Well, we won't have to face getting in trouble for killing Zazu, first of all," he replied.

"Yeah. So? We won't survive a week out there! How are we going to survive?" Nala asked, thinking she'd pretty much destroyed his idea.

"Oh, come on, Nala. Let's get out of here. We'll run away together! And start a pride... all on our own."

"Excuse me?"

"Nothing!" Simba replied, grinning nervously. "I said nothing! Did you say something? Because I didn't!"

"Start our *own* pride?" Nala exclaimed. "That's a bit serious, isn't it, Simba?"

"I-I wasn't thinking straight!" he protested. "It's all the stress from murdering Zazu. I don't know what I'm thinking!"

"Running away isn't going to do much good, Simba. We need to find a way to make sure no one ever finds out."

"But they will!" Simba insisted, a sad look on his face. "And then they're gonna capture us, and then they're gonna tickle us, and then they're gonna kill us! And then Mom will say, 'Simba, I'm very disappointed in you', and then she'll tell Dad, and he'll say, 'Not now, I just got back from patrolling.'"

"Simba!" Nala exclaimed, gripping him tightly and shaking him. "Get a grip!"

"Why did this have to happen us?" Simba moaned. Then, a smile came across his face. "Hey, maybe this isn't really happening. Maybe this is just a horrible dream!"

"Simba, I don't think it's a—"

"It *has* to be a nightmare or something," he told her. "I'll just close my eyes and then I'll wake up!"

Simba closed his eyes. Nala watched him, shaking her head in disbelief.

After a few more seconds, Simba opened his eyes, only to find everything was exactly the way he had left it. "This isn't fair."

"Told you it wasn't a dream."

Simba collapsed on the ground, sighing. "Running away sounds like a pretty good idea to me right now."

Nala sat down next to him. "Simba, we can get out of this. We're clever, right? Well, apart from that time when we ate that mud in front of that cub."

Simba smiled and nodded. "Oh, yeah." He nudged her. "Hey, we won that bet though, didn't we?"

Nala looked at him, confused. "No, we didn't, Simba. That's why we had to eat the mud."

Simba frowned. "We're doomed."

"Since when did you start giving up?" Nala asked.

"Since now. We might as well turn ourselves in," he suggested, sighing.

"*What?*" Nala grabbed Simba and looked him in the eyes. "I don't know about you, Simba, but I do *not* want to be tickled to death! Now, are we going to think of a plan or not?"

Simba looked completely shocked. "Uh... Okay, we'll think of a plan."

"Good." Nala smiled and let go of him. Simba got up and walked around, trying to think of a plan.

A sneaky smile crossed his face. "Hey, why don't we frame one of the other cubs for killing him?"

"Simba, isn't that a bit... you know, *cruel*?"

Simba shrugged, not really caring. "Yeah. So? They were cruel to us when we tried to make friends with them. Isn't it about time we got our revenge?"

"That's too evil," she told him.

"Well, I think killing Zazu makes us evil enough," Simba replied.

"Oh, Simba. We're not evil."

"We aren't? We were going to knock him out and just leave him there. We're monsters!"

Simba looked traumatised. Nala shared the same expression. "You're right," she agreed. "What have we become?" Nala walked over to him. "So if we're going to be bad guys, then we have to *act* like bad guys, right?"

Simba studied her, to see if she was joking or not. "Uh... I guess so."

"Well, what would a *real* bad guy do?" Nala asked.

"Um... Kill another person and make it look like it was them?" Simba suggested.

"You have a very sick mind," Nala told her friend.

Simba grinned. "That's good, right?"

"Kinda. It worries me a little that you know so much, though. Anyway, we can't kill someone else. That would just make it worse. It needs to be something else. We need it to make it look like it was someone else. Or an accident, or..."

Simba grinned sneakily, and whispered in her ear. "Or... We could try and bring him back."

Nala looked at him, confused. "Did I just hear that correctly? How can we try and bring Zazu back?"

"It's simple," Simba replied, as if it were nothing. He walked over to Zazu's corpse.

"Mouth-to-mouth?" Nala suggested.

Simba looked at Zazu, then at Nala, a disgusted look on his face. "Eww! No way! Gross! I was thinking more along the lines of trying to get his heart starting again." Simba used his paws and started pressing up and down on Zazu's still chest, trying to imitate CPR as best as he could.

Nala smiled, seeing he was failing miserably. "It doesn't exactly look like it's working to me, Simba."

Simba groaned. Then he started punching Zazu's chest furiously. "Live, darn it, live!"

"Simba, Simba!" Nala cried, pulling him from Zazu. "That's not helping!"

"No, but it's making me feel better."

"He's dead, Simba! For good! We can't bring him back."

Simba looked down at the ground, and he started to smile again. "Maybe we can."

"Simba, I think you're going a little cuckoo—"

"No," Simba interrupted. "Wait, hear me out!"

Nala sighed. "Okay. What?"

"I've heard a few stories, you know," Simba told her.

"Yeah, and...?" Nala asked, not really getting what he was saying.

"Well, have you ever heard the story of... Iblisi?" Simba asked.

Nala gasped. "You don't mean... *that* Iblisi, do you?"

Simba nodded. "Yes, I do."

"But... But he's the... the..."

"The Devil?"

"Exactly!" Nala cried. "What's the Devil got to do with this?"

"I've got a plan," Simba replied, smiling.

"And that plan is?"

"I'm going to raise the Devil."

AN: Yep, Simba's gone crazy, all right. That's what murder does to people, kids. Just say no. All rights reserved. Failure to comply will result in a hefty fine. Am I talking nonsense? Absolutely. Also, can I haggle a review from ya, by any chance? That'd be great.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Satanic Ritual

AN: Can it get any crazier? Oh yeah.

Chapter Five: Satanic Ritual

"Raise the Devil?" said Nala, her eyes widened. "Simba, even if we could raise the Devil - and we *can't* - what would we do when he gets here?"

"Obviously we'd do something evil," Simba replied, as if it were a dumb question.

"Like murdering someone else?" Nala said sarcastically.

"No, like—"

"Eating Zazu!" she exclaimed.

"No, no, it's got to be something *supremely* evil."

"Like... pushing someone into the water hole and running away?" Nala suggested.

Simba smiled. "Yes, yes, that's much more of a feel. Now, we need to prepare this the right away. What does the Devil drink? Blood, isn't it?"

Nala nodded. "Yeah. Cubs' blood."

The two cubs suddenly looked very nervous. Simba then remembered something a breathed a sigh of relief. "No, no, no it's *dead* cubs' blood."

Nala calmed down. "I got worried for a second there."

"Okay, so, know any dead cubs?" Simba asked.

Nala shook her head. "No."

"Well, know any cubs?"

"No."

"Oh come on, Nala, what about your distant cousin, Primo?"

"She is neither dead, nor technically speaking, a *girl*. Besides, she stopped talking to me after the Sticky Web Incident. She hasn't been talking to anyone much, actually."

"Okay, but this is still a good idea. All we have to do is raise him up, get him to bring Zazu back and we'll be eating by sundown!"

"Well, how exactly do you raise the Devil properly?" Nala asked. "I don't think he's going to come up for no reason!"

"I don't suppose you'd mind giving up your soul?"

"Simba!"

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding," he told her. "I'll think of that later. We actually need to *do* it first."

"Okay, okay. What do we do first?"

"Do you mind an hour of walking?" Simba asked.

"Why?"

"We need to go into the jungle," Simba replied.

"The jungle?" said Nala. "Why?"

"Because everyone knows that's where you raise the Devil," Simba told her.

"You didn't tell me that the last time we went there," Nala noted.

"Must've slipped my mind," Simba replied. "I didn't want to scare you, that's all."

"Scare me?" Nala exclaimed. "I'm not scared of the Devil!"

Simba laughed. "Sure you aren't. We'll see when we raise him to get Zazu back."

"Okay, fine," Nala said, frowning. "We *will* see, Mister Confident."

Simba walked off, only to discover that Nala wasn't following him. "You coming or not?"

"What about Zazu?" Nala asked, pointing to his lifeless corpse.

"Uh..." Simba ran back over to her, and carefully picked up Zazu, before placing his dead body on his back. "This is so gross."

"I can see," Nala agreed.

"You can carry him if you want," Simba offered.

"I don't think so," was her answer.

"I had a feeling you'd say that."

The two cubs started walking, beginning their hour-long journey to the dense jungle outside the Pride Lands. Their plan was outrageous, ridiculous, illogical and just very, very *dumb*.

But it just might work.

The two cubs finally stopped their long walk when they got to the large river in the middle of the jungle. It was now more or less a familiar spot to them, having been kidnapped there once by a magical lion known as Hago. They didn't think he would stick around in the jungle anymore, especially after the embarrassment of Simba and Nala foiling his sinister plan for universal domination. Well, at least that's what they *hoped*...

"This it?" said Nala, looking around.

"Yep," replied Simba, placing Zazu's corpse on the ground in front of him. "Right, this is the plan. We place Zazu here, okay?"

Nala nodded. "Yeah."

"Then we have to start chanting and acting all scary. Then we have to eat the most evil thing in the world. The thing that will show how loyal we are to the Devil."

"What's that?" Nala asked.

"*Fruit*."

Nala gasped. "No. Anything but that!"

"It looks like we'll have to, if we want to bring Zazu back," Simba told her.

Nala sighed. "I guess you're right."

Simba walked a few steps forward, and picked up an empty coconut halve. "We can put the..." He gagged. "*Fruit* in this."

"Yeah, and where's the fruit?" Nala asked.

"Uh..." Simba put the coconut halve down and walked around, before spotting a few oranges dangling from the branches of a nearby tree. "Here!" Simba jumped up and plucked two oranges from the branches. "Two fruits."

"I can't believe we're actually going to eat those," Nala said, disgusted.

"I know. I don't know what my Mom is thinking when she says they're good for me. When I'm King I'm banning all fruit."

"Good call," Nala told him.

Simba picked up the coconut halve and placed the two oranges inside, before placing it next to Zazu's body. He then joined Nala by her side.

"Okay," he said, clearing his throat. "You speak in an evil chanting voice, we eat the fruits and he turns up. And best behaviour when he gets here, too. No, actually, *worst* behaviour. Start picking your nose and stuff."

"Why've I got to do the chanting voice?" Nala asked. "You do it."

"I can't do it, it needs to be the voice of a pretty girl," Simba told her.

"*Pretty* girl?" Nala exclaimed.

"Oh, you know what I mean," Simba replied, brushing her comment off.

"Fine," Nala grumbled, before speaking in a half-hearted chanting voice. "Oh, Great and Mighty Devil, we ask you—"

"Oh, come on, Nala," Simba interrupted. "Put your back into it. You sound like Zazu."

"Hey!" Nala exclaimed. "I'm not *that* bad!"

"Okay, okay, but come on! You couldn't raise a stone, let alone the Prince of Darkness."

"Okay, I'll try better." Nala cleared her throat, and spoke louder and sounded more enthusiastic this time. "Oh, Great and Mighty One, we ask you to come up! Simba...?"

Simba spoke in the same chanting voice. "What is it?"

"Have you got the oranges?" she asked.

"No, it's just the way my tail pokes out."

Nala sighed and rolled her eyes. "Oh, never mind, I'll get the oranges myself."

"No, no, I'll go!" Simba told her.

"No, no, don't make yourself tired, I'll get it. But don't expect me to help you when the Devil wants your soul in return for bringing Zazu back from the dead."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Arousing Suspicion

Chapter Six: Arousing Suspicion

Nala picked up the coconut halve containing the two oranges and walked back to her original position. She spoke in her loud chanting voice again. "Oh, Mighty One... We ask you to come up from... Er... You know, wherever it is... Ah... Well, unless someone else has called you up today, in which case come across! Come across from there! Instead of coming up from there!" Nala raised the coconut halve high above her head. "And now we show our dedication to you... by eating... the *oranges of evil!*" Nala took an orange out of the halve and held it in front of Simba's face. "Simba..."

"Yeah?" Simba replied. Nala responded by shoving an orange in his mouth. Simba immediately gagged from the taste and fainted, falling to the ground.

Nala held the remaining orange up to her own face. "Here goes nothing," she said, before shoving it in her own mouth and chewing it frantically. Eventually, she too could no longer stand the taste and fainted, falling on to the ground next to Simba.

Simba and Nala awoke at roughly the same time, in exactly the same spot they had fainted. Absolutely nothing was different. No Devil. They had been unconscious for quite some time, and it was now the middle of the evening, close to night.

Simba looked around groggily, the awful taste of orange still in his mouth. He spat on the ground a few times, coughing and spluttering, trying to erase the awful taste from his mouth. "Are we in Hell?"

Nala looked around. "No. It's worse. We're still in the jungle!"

"Where's the Devil?" Simba asked.

"Well, he'll be turning up at midnight," Nala replied.

"Oh, yeah. Why does he only come at midnight?" Simba asked.

"Well, that's bedtime, isn't it?" she replied.

Simba nodded. "Oh..." He looked up at the evening sky. "But it's not midnight!"

Nala looked up at the sky, too. "Yeah..."

"This is just stupid!" Simba exclaimed, hitting the ground in frustration. "I bet everyone knows what we've done by now."

"How could they possibly know, Simba?" Nala asked.

"Look!" Simba exclaimed, pointing to the evening sky. Night was nearing fast now. "It's nearly sundown! Think about it. Zazu always makes us go back home way too early. He'd have made us go back about an hour ago. Dad will know something's up, and then he'll kill me!"

Nala gasped in horror. "You're right. If Zazu hasn't come back with us by now, then that means they'll be looking for us, *and* him. And when they realise that we're not there, then they'll know we killed Zazu and went to the jungle to raise the Devil to try and bring him back!"

"We're done for!" Simba exclaimed hopelessly. "They're probably on their way right now!"

"So, what do we do?" Nala asked, worried.

"We've gotta get out of here," Simba explained, "it's the only thing we can do."

"Where can we go?"

"I don't know. *Anywhere* as long as we're not here," he replied, getting more frantic by the second.

"Let's get out of here!" Nala shouted, sprinting away. Simba sprinted after her, before remembered about Zazu. He ran back, quickly put Zazu's dead body on his back and followed after Nala.

It really couldn't get much worse for them. They'd murdered Zazu by dropping a rock on his head, killing him instantly.

And they're run away without telling anyone where they were going, too. Every parent's worst nightmare.

If they were caught by anyone, then the two cubs were done for. They had no idea of the consequences that they might suffer were they found out. They could be grounded for *years*! It could be worse than that, they could end up disowned, exiled for murdering the King's royal advisor. After all, Mufasa adored Zazu, and he was one of the King's closest friends. If he found out what Simba had done... Would Mufasa even want Simba as a son anymore? Would he be so horrified that he'd claim he didn't even *have* a son anymore? And his mother... what would *she* think? This could turn into a disaster, as if it weren't enough of one already.

As for Nala, her mother might die of shock. Her Nala, a killer? That seemed so... unbelievable, so unlike her, so shocking. The news might be too much for her... And Nala had seen how she reacted when her father was killed, in circumstances which Sarafina neglected to explain to Nala, figuring she was too young to know the awful truth concerning Muerto's death.

The two of them would go down in history as vicious killers! Sadistic Simba, and his evil accomplice, Nasty Nala. Was that how they were going to be remembered?

They should have just listened. They should have just taken Zazu's annoyance for a day. Maybe a good report from Zazu might have actually resulted in it being no longer necessary for Zazu to look after them anymore.

These were all possibilities that meant nothing, though. Absolutely pointless thoughts. You can't change the past.

Eventually, Simba and Nala skidded to a halt at the edge of a cliff. They were so concerned about getting away that they failed to notice their surroundings, some of them perilous.

Nala lost her balance and was about to fall off the edge, until Simba managed to catch her and pull her to safety. She breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Simba."

"No problem." He smiled.

Simba turned around, and looked around the seemingly never-ending jungle. "Did you see anybody following us?"

Nala shook her head. "No. Why?"

"Because we don't know who could be out there," Simba replied. "We can't trust *anyone*, right?"

Nala nodded in agreement. "Right. It's just you and me."

Simba nodded. "That's right. From now on we don't talk to anyone that looks remotely similar to anyone we know. And when we *do* speak to people, we use different names."

"Different names?" said Nala. "Well, what should our different names be?"

"Well, we'll just do our names backwards. I'll be... Abmis."

"And I'll be... *Alan*?" Nala exclaimed. "I'm not calling myself Alan!"

"Why not?"

"It's a boys name, Simba!" she replied.

"Oh, yeah. Well... Oh, I don't know. You think of something."

"Fine." Nala looked up at the darkening sky. "It's getting kinda dark, Simba. We'd better find somewhere to sleep for the night."

"You're right," Simba agreed. "Come on."

Nala began to walk away, when she noticed Simba was putting Zazu's lifeless body down. "What are you doing?"

"Getting rid of Zazu. I think it doesn't really matter whether anyone finds him," Simba replied.

Nala nodded, and the two cubs silently walked away, having no idea what the future held.

AN: How will this madcap story end? Find out tomorrow, where all will be revealed. See ya soon!

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Trust No One

AN: The last chapter, the end chapter, the final chapter, whatever you want to call it. It's here, and that's what matters, right?

Chapter Seven: Trust No One

Simba and Nala managed to find a comfy-looking den after a few minutes of searching around. It was now night, and the stars twinkled brightly in the sky. It would have appeared beautiful to the two cubs if it wasn't for the fact that they were going frantic with worry.

"Are you sure there wasn't anyone following us?" Simba asked, looking around frantically.

"Yes, I'm sure," Nala replied, for what felt like the thousandth time. Both of them were getting very suspicious. Suspicious of everything. They didn't know who could be watching, or who could be listening. They could trust no one, and had to suspect everyone. They were looking around suspiciously. Anyone could be out there...

"Should we go to sleep?" Nala asked.

Simba shook his head. "No way. I know what happens. We close our eyes to go to sleep and we end up with a sharp stick in both our necks. We need to stay awake." Simba looked around the den nervously. "In fact... They might have already been here, and done something to this whole den."

"Oh my God, you might be right," Nala agreed.

"They could have sabotaged anything."

"We gotta check *everywhere*."

The two of them started quickly scouring the den, lifting up rocks and checking plants for anything that might spring out at them. Anything was possible. They were to leave no stone unturned - literally.

They ran around screaming until they had checked everything and met in the middle of the den. "Did you find anything?" Simba asked.

Nala shook her head. "No. Did you?"

Simba was breathing heavily. "No, and I can't... I can't take it anymore, Nala. Okay? We can't sleep, or eat, and, and... My rash is back!" Simba turned around and showed his back to Nala. "My rash is back and I can't reach it!"

Nala grabbed him. "Simba, Simba, calm down, okay? Just stop. Look, just breathe, all right?"

Simba took a few deep breaths. "Yeah, yeah."

"Look, why don't you lay down and take a quick nap on the ground, okay?" Nala said, gesturing to the ground.

Simba nodded and lay on the ground, beginning to calm down. Nala walked across the den to see if there was anything ready to lunge out at them.

Simba's breathing had become steady again. "Yeah, yeah. Maybe you're right." He closed his eyes. "Maybe I should just take a..." Simba opened his eyes - which were now wide with suspicion - and looked at Nala. "Why do you want me to take a nap, Nala?"

Nala turned around and looked at him, a concerned look on her face. "Because I'm worried about you."

Simba walked over to her, narrowed his eyes and nodded. "You're in on this with my Dad, aren't ya?"

"Simba—"

"You're in cahoots!" he shouted.

"You're insane!" Nala shouted back at him.

"Cahooter!" he accused, pointing at her.

"Why would I be in cahoots with your Dad?" Nala asked, pointing to herself.

"Because you snuck off while I was knocked out when we were trying to raise the Devil, so you made a deal with my Dad to save your own butt!" he explained, thinking he'd found Nala out.

Nala nodded, and narrowed her eyes at Simba. "Oh, yeah? Well, how do I know you're not in cahoots with your Dad against me?"

Simba laughed at her question. "Oh, come on."

"Oh, yeah, sure. You probably told your Dad while I was knocked out after we tried to raise the Devil that it was my idea, and now you two are scheming it up real nice, aren't you?"

Simba didn't answer, and instead flicked the top of her head with his paw.

"Ow!" Nala exclaimed. She then slapped Simba in the face.

"That's it!" Simba shouted, before pouncing at Nala. The two scuffled on the ground for a few seconds, before they heard a loud laugh coming from the den entrance. The two looked up from their fight to see Zazu standing there, laughing loudly.

The two cubs looked at each other, and then looked at Zazu. "*Huh?*" they both exclaimed at the same time.

Zazu wiped a tear of laughter from his eye. "In all my years, this must be the funniest spectacle I've ever witnessed. How does it feel to be on the receiving end of one of *my* pranks?"

"*Huh?*" they repeated.

Zazu nodded. "That's right. I knew you would try and play a trick on me to escape me, so I played dead. It's a useful battle trick I learned a long time ago. I sat back all day, listening quietly as you were slowly eaten alive by your own fear. And that's the best revenge there is," he finished sinisterly. After a few seconds of shocked silence, a smile formed on Zazu's beak. "I think I'll go have some oranges," he said before taking off into the air, leaving the two cubs on their own.

Simba and Nala stood there, stunned beyond belief. They couldn't believe it. Instead of them playing a trick on Zazu, Zazu had played a trick on *them*.

Simba was the first to break the silence. "He got us... by *not* getting us."

Nala nodded, still in shock from the strange revelation. "Genius. Pure... genius."

"Nala?"

"Yeah?"

"I think I'm going to faint, you know." A second later, Simba nodded. "Yep, I was right."

Simba then fainted, falling to the ground.

"I think I'll join you," Nala said, before she too fainted, falling to the ground right beside him.

The End

AN: Looks like Zazu had his little revenge, huh? Time to close the lid on this one, and get to work on the next. Until next time, everyone...

NEXT TIME: Scar is continuously stalked by a lion claiming to be his 'number one fan'. Annoying as he might be, Scar finds that he may be of some use in his latest scheme...